

in the neighbourhood, and the oldest parts dating back to the fifteenth century. Inside the church was a rich, well-looked-after appearance; all the windows are coloured and the backs of the pews prettily carved in small round panels of various design. A paper near the lectern most conveniently tells the curious all of interest connected with the little building—how the chandelier hanging in the chancel was modelled from one in an old church at Bruges, how the great tomb on the right beneath the chancel contains the remains of one of the pious wives of a former rector and restorer of the church, who designed the roof of the chancel, which leaves an impression of different coloured thistles intertwined amidst curious stems, with a central panel in each section containing the head of a saint.

Beneath the chancel on the north side is a small side chapel, an uncommon sight in a little village church, and which, with its gaudy-coloured screen and railings, bright red and blue and gold, took away from the harmony of the rest of the interior. Palm branches—the real Eastern palm—stood on the altar, it being a few days before Palm Sunday.

Leaving the church by the lime avenue I entered into what seemed to be the centre of the hamlet, picturesquely situated in scattered groups of cottages among solitary trees, and after a slight digression regained the lodge where the park road branches off to the church, and so on to the road by which I had come, retracing my way as the sun began to lose its afternoon splendour, and later to burst forth in all the glory of a stormy fenland sunset. On the open warren near the railway a large bird—I think a kestrel—was hovering. For many seconds I watched the quivering wings, and then a sudden downward swoop, to hover again nearer earth. At length the bird made a final swerve, and dashed to the ground, where the tragedy of some luckless rabbit or bird was hidden from view by a welcome hillock.

QUINTUS.

THE FLINT WORKERS.

Continued.

As soon as the flints are carted they are brought into Brandon to the flint knappers, who do all their work in little huts made of flint and erected for the purpose. The knappers wear small leather aprons and a leather knee-cap, and, seated on a rough bench, with a deposit of fresh-dug flints by their side, they work away with their small hammers from early morning right on through the day till the last rays of light disappear, sometimes, at high pressure, going on with artificial light—the primitive candles stuck in a socket or on the window-ledge—late into the night. It is not strength or force that is needed in tapping the flints, simply knack and practice to know exactly, either by the look or ring, where to touch them, so that the right part is hit, the flint falling apart with a gentle blow, and the right piece retained and quickly shaped into a gunflint and put into one heap, and the useless chips put into another.

We watched a very skilled workman for nearly half an hour. He picked the flint up on to his knee, and nearly always the first slight blow succeeded in parting it. In an instant he knew what to retain and what to cast on the refuse heap. The useful pieces were then made up into gunflints with very sharp edges and a raised surface in the centre on one side, and quite flat on the other. Various sizes are made, and they are used, of course, for igniting the powder in flint-stock guns. The latter are not used in England now, which is the cause of the decrease in the industry, but many barrel-loads are still exported for the use of Arabs in Egypt, and some parts of Spain. This old flint knapper claims to be descended from the ancient flint workers of the Neolithic Age! However this may be, for many generations the trade has

been handed down from father to son in his family, the children being taught the skill when quite young, and learning almost unconsciously as they stand watching their fathers at work, till, at the age of nine or ten, they can begin to be of real use, and work away by themselves.

When broken up or "quartered," the flints must not be left too long, as they change colour and become dry and unworkable, or in damp weather they become greasy and have to be dried. After quartering the flint is "flaked." Until the time of the Napoleonic wars the flaking was done by an English round-faced hammer, but some of the French prisoners of war brought to England at that time used an oblong hammer, which has since been used by the Brandon flint workers. Some French terms have also remained, and gunflints are still sold "per mille," and described as "pierres à feu," and sometimes "fusee flints." At each blow in "flaking" a narrow strip of flint falls off, and it is done with such knack that each flake is left with two ridges, as one sees it in the gunflint. The good flake is put into a tin, and the useless pieces on to refuse heaps. These latter accumulate at a tremendous speed, as often more than half the flints are useless to the knapper, and twenty years ago there were heaps of these chips, containing thousands of tons, all round the dwellings, which it was one of the sights to see; but now they are, fortunately, used for road-mending and making foundations.

About 3,000 flakes can be made in a day, and one flake makes about three gun flints, so that a skilful knapper makes nearly 10,000 a day. When the industry was most flourishing the knappers would get as much as £10 a week, but since the introduction of matches and cartridges the price has been reduced to only a few shillings per thousand. It seems a great pity that the knappers must inevitably in a few more years die out. For many centuries there was a great demand for tinder flints, called locally "strike-a-lights," and you can still get these for 1d. each. We have two or three in the

museum, and if any other student would care to have some we could easily send them. A few are still exported to South America, Spain, and Italy, for the use of travellers in the tropics; so that matches, even safety ones, are not always reliable. The knappers often come across prehistoric remains, and know how to value the old arrow-heads, scrapers, celts, etc., of their ancient forefathers. They are also very skilful at making exact models of the old implements of the neolithic flint workers, and sell them as such for museums and schools, etc. They are very useful for knowing how to identify the real ones. One of the present workers made a necklace of flint bangles out of solid discs of flints—a feat worthy of the ancient Egyptians. He has also made flint fish-hooks, which people use to catch perch with in the Little Ouse.

There are only a few young knappers now to take the place of the middle-aged men. Few of them live to be very old, as constantly inhaling minute particles of flint caused by the flaking affects their lungs, which usually ends in consumption.

J. H. W.

SCALE HOW LETTER.

DEAR EDITOR,

We had our half-term holiday on Tuesday this term, owing to a wet Monday. Two coaches went to Keswick, one of which was specially reserved for ex-Seniors. We left Ambleside in frost and sunshine, but unfortunately it rained heavily in the afternoon and evening. Between us we visited the Pencil works, Crossstwaite Church, Ruskin's monument, and the Falls of Lodore.

The Juniors and ex-Seniors both contributed to the half-term entertainment. The former gave us the school scene from "Hard Times," the latter, scenes from "Nicholas

Nickleby," in which Mrs. Nickleby encounters the madman next door. Both caused great amusement.

Owing to better weather there has been more hockey this term. There was a keen and close match between Seniors and Juniors, which resulted in a Senior victory, 1 to nil. Another match, Suffrage v. Anti-Suffrage, ended in a victory for the latter.

We have had two musical evenings since half-term. Miss Cordeux read a paper on Tschaikowsky, and Miss East one on Handel. Both papers were illustrated by many and varied works of the composers. On another occasion Miss Crowe spoke to us of the circumstances under which Dr. Barnado founded his great work amongst the poor and destitute of London, which work has resulted in the establishing of Homes all over the country.

We were fortunate enough to have Mrs. Daniell again this term to sing to us. She sang us some old favourites by Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson, which we thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

The annual bazaar in aid of foreign missions was held on March 17th. The students helped as usual in the tea-room, and at Miss Kitching's stall, which realised £35.

For the first time on record we all spent Easter at Ambleside. The church was prettily decorated, and we had very nice services on that day. There was a spell of glorious summerlike weather, which all enjoyed.

Mr. Yates gave us his lantern lecture on Millet on March 28th. He showed us a great number of that artist's pictures, and pointed out the characteristics of each. We all felt we had gained much from this most interesting study. The following evening the school children joined us in listening to the works of Beethoven (the musical programme set for the term's work).

On the last Saturday of the term the Juniors acted the play, "When Woman Rules," over which we had a good laugh. The Sloyd exam. is over! The cardboard model set

caused us some groaning, as it required so many free cuts and cross binding. Packing is now in full swing, and we all go our several ways to-morrow. We return April 20th.

FROM THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

Scale How, Ambleside,
April 5th, 1910.

NOTES ON LESSONS.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Miss Jones gave a very interesting lesson on snails. She had several snails under glass for the children to examine. She quoted a passage from Tennyson which helped the children to understand more thoroughly the wonderful structure of this little creature. The lesson throughout was well illustrated.

ARITHMETIC.

Miss Biggar gave an introductory lesson on the addition and subtraction of fractions. She opened her lesson with practical demonstration, by means of which the children were able to gather the necessary rules for themselves. From this she proceeded to abstract quantities. Plenty of practice was given in mental and written work.

List of books added to the Library this term:—

BIOGRAPHY.

- "Cromwell's Life and Letters." 4 vols. Carlyle.
- "Life of William Carey." George Smith.
- "The Red Book of Heroes." Andrew Lang.

ESSAYS.

- "Treasures of Darkness." E. A. Gordon.

TRAVEL.

- "Conquest of Mexico." 2 vols. W. H. Prescott.
- "The Scholar's Book of Travels." 3 parts.

HISTORY.

- "Roman Days." Rydberg.
 "Greater Britain." Sir Charles Dilke.
 "The Mediæval Church and the Papacy." A. G. Jennings.
 "The Reformation Period." Henry Gee.
 "The Struggle with Puritanism." Bruce Blaxland.
 "The Church of England in the Eighteenth Century." Alfred Plummer.

ART AND LITERATURE.

- "Engravings from Botticelli's Illustrations of Dante."
 "English Language."
 "Feeling after Nature in Scottish Poetry." 2 vols. Professor Veitch.
 "The Child's English Literature." H. E. Marshall.
 "Practical Handbook of Elocution." Rose L. Patry.

LEGENDS.

- "Culchulain, the Hound of Ulster." Eleanor Hull.

NATURE NOTES.

Spring has been very forward this year in spite of the severe weather at the beginning of the term.

The curlews were first heard on March 17th; the date last year was March 18th. A great many were seen at Waterhead; one indeed seemed to be posted there as sentinel, for he always seemed to be in the same place.

On March 8th the reed-bunting was seen. This is the first time it has been seen here for six years. It is a jolly little bird, about the size of a great tit, with a grey-brown body, very white collar and black head. It was very excited, and fluttered about from the wall to the grass.

A flock of peewits were seen one day flying towards Loughrigg from Windermere. They flashed silver and black in the sunlight as they circled towards Loughrigg.

D. V.

LETTER FROM UGANDA.

DEAR FRIENDS,

I have found it much harder than I thought it would be to fulfil my promise of writing some account of my work here for *L'Umile Pianta*. The days at home are generally well filled up; but here, on the top of everything else one has every spare moment filled with that most exacting subject—Language Study. I will first describe for you my own introduction to the school. It was at evening prayers on the night of my arrival. I was taken down to a large bare room surrounded on all sides by a verandah. There were desks at each end of the room, and a large bare space in the middle. A bell was rung, and presently the girls filed in, each carrying a bag containing Bible, Prayer Book, and hymn book. You may imagine with what interest I scanned the faces of my new pupils! Each one walked to her place and sat down on the floor, and very soon the whole of the centre of the room was occupied by a dusky mass—seventy children of all ages from six to sixteen or seventeen. Their names were called, and very frightful some of them sounded. I wondered whenever I should know them, and still more when I should be able to distinguish those seventy different faces, all of which looked so exactly alike to me. After the names were called, a hymn was sung, and I was agreeably surprised at the voices and tune, for on the way up I went into a little village school at Jinja on the lake, and heard a hymn sung, and by no possible stretch of the imagination could I guess what the tune was intended to be. Each one seemed to make it up as he sang. The result was marvellous, but could hardly be called music. These girls have been taught the tonic sol-fa method, and the result is most encouraging. After the hymn we had reading and prayer, and then I was greeted by the children in the usual Uganda fashion. They all seemed most pleased to see me, and congratulated me on accomplishing my long